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It's your soapbox, please keep those letters coming!

STARR BILLING

What could be more appealing than lovely, fair-skinned Bobbi Starr (Bobbi—A Stretch Behind Bars, December 2011) strung up in a cage and packed front and rear with rude objects? Only her coy, come-hither expressions while expelling an enema and emptying her bladder. When it comes to doing nasty things in a charming, sophisticated manner, I'd say she's unbeatable, but luckily for us viewers, she can take a whipping with the best of them as well.

—E, Santa Fe, New Mexico

DELIVERING THE GOODS

Could a girl possibly be more beautiful than Malena (Malena—After-Hours Delivery, December 2011)? Hard to imagine. Lean and curvy in all the right places, her seductive gaze inspires all kinds of wicked ideas. The bondage and whipping just seem to make her more eager to play with her pretty pink parts. What a dream it would be if that pick-up truck stopped to deliver in my neighborhood.

—B. Calvin, Modesto, California

KINK THINK

Thanks for your thought-provoking December 2011 article Defining Deviance by Ernest Greene. I'm a relative newcomer to the world of kink, but I've already encountered plenty of the rigid extremism the author calls out. I've been put off many times by the arrogance of those who assume that just because I'm submissive I have no needs or wants of my own and shouldn't feel entitled to get as much pleasure as I give. I do hope to have a Master of my own one day, but don't ever intend to partner up with someone who makes a religion out of controlling everyone and everything around him. These people need to get lives. They certainly have no place in mine.

-Sheryl D., Bennington, Vermont

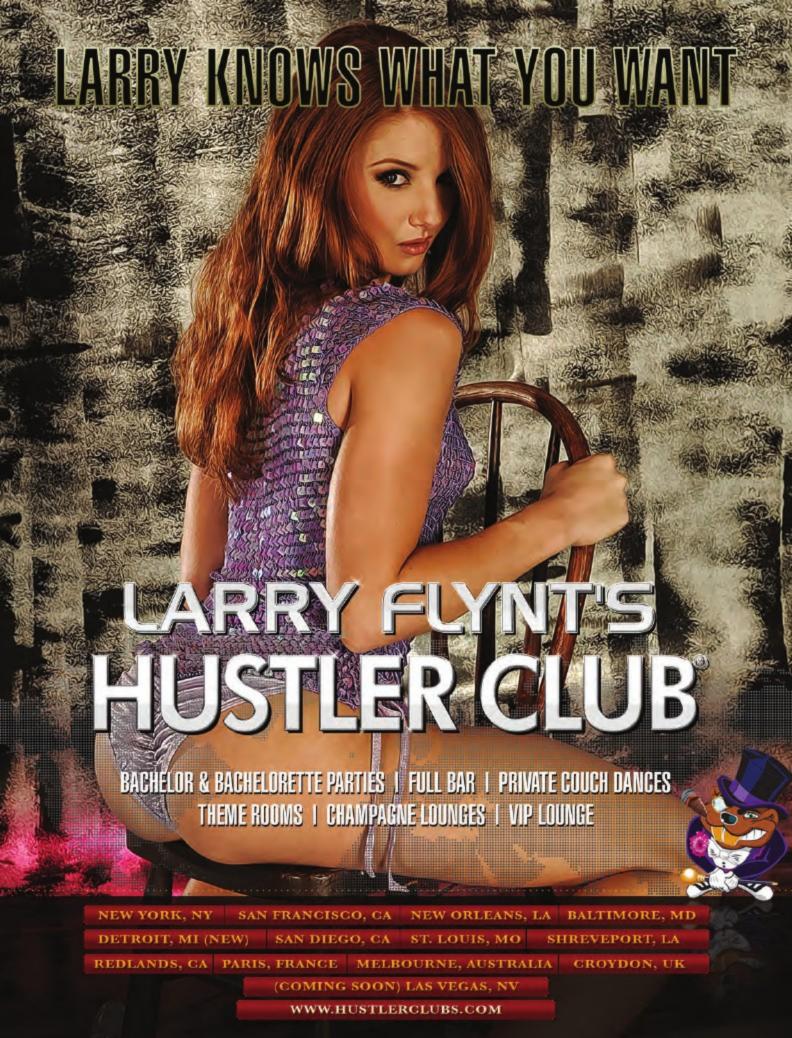
MACHINE DREAMS

My slave and I both enjoyed the raunchy realism of your December 2011 feature Ally—Drilled for Duty. The obviously genuine whipmarks, the stark settings, the wide-open bondage positions and especially the double-hole drilling with the fuck machine, were made all the more authentic by lovely Ally's sweetly suffering facial expressions. This is BDSM imagery so believable it might have come from our very own dungeon. Thanks for the inspiration.

-Master Jack, slave C, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania









FETISH FOCUS

TABOO'S KIPK DUJOUR

FETISH FOCUS

Of the Breeder

regnancy may not be the most common fetish, but it's surprisingly popular among dedicated pervs going all the way back to Sade, in whose work impregnated slaves are frequently subjected to some of his most diabolic deviations. Though not always BDSM-specific, pregnancy is both a kink in its own right and in many instances, combined with bondage or slavery, an added enhancement to the plight of a subservient miss.

There are various speculations regarding the attraction of pregnant bodies, and the overlap of that attraction with other deviant fascinations. Some are purely physiological and others freighted with salacious implications of a darker sort.

Fetishism by nature exaggerates gender characteristics, hence the giant tits, constricted waists and flaring hips typical of the women who appear in fetish illustrations. The more outrageously feminine they appear, the more they stimulate the male fascination with the mysteries of gender dimorphism. And nothing signifies the apotheosis of femininity like pregnancy. For one thing, only women experience it, making it a defining aspect of their identities. And there's nothing subtle about the



way in which pregnancy magnifies the differences between male and female bodies. Pregnant women's tits swell to enormous proportions, pop out in big, blue veins signalling the onset of lactation, a fetish in itself. Nipples expand to silver-dollar-size as their pigmentation darkens, develop hypersensitivity, and will eventually start to leak.

Similarly, pussies are also enlarged to an almost caricaturelike extent, permanently swollen as if aroused beyond measure at all times. This effect isn't entirely visual either. Many, though by no means all, pregnant women develop the same fervent craving for sex they feel for ice cream (at times wanting both simultaneously). Bodies turned into hormone factories working overtime, minds constantly reminded of the process by which they were knocked up whenever they look in the mirror, some pregnant women experience temporary erotomania (though the effect is unpredictable and others find their libidos severely and unpredictably diminished). Heightened physical responsiveness often accompanies the sudden urgency to fuck, lowering orgasmic thresholds and creating all manner of itching, tingling and hypersensitivity to invite the attentions of an eager partner.

Then there is the belly itself, symbol of fertility all the way back to the Venus of Willendorf and literally the embodiment of everything feminine. Its very presence is unmistakable proof that the woman from whom it protrudes ever more outrageously got fucked some months before. It's proof of insemination, which is an idea that many men, also programmed to













Ryan's a challenge to train for slave service: obedient but still unbroken, discharging her duties without the physical responses that make a good slave great. Fortunately, the Clinic has a special regimen for treating this problem, and Ryan's Master visits weekly to evaluate her progress. Tottering into the exam room, yoked, packed in latex and balancing on her multi-strap training heels, Ryan presents herself in the chair, spread for inspection. Between the shots and the stimulation devices, they're doing a good job of keeping her wet and ready at all times. The rigid bondage certainly improves her posture. But what of her pain tolerance? Kneeling to offer her ass, Ryan takes the crop repeatedly with minimal squirming and moaning, a good sign. She even remembers to display the marks on her behind, keeping her hands up in back to leave her holes unobstructed.

Still, it's Ryan's internal responses that he wants perfected. Posture-collared and ball-gagged, she must get herself off with the black vibe, convincing him of her conditioning wordlessly. Her parts function perfectly, the intruding probe glistening with her juices as she strokes it in and out, looking him in the eye while rubbing her clit in ever more frantic circles. The sudden twitching, body rigid, sweat beading up around the latex, is proof enough, but one more week at the Clinic for good measure can only improve her further. Ryan groans, realizing it may be a while before he takes her home again.











Dear Nina,

I've had a strong interest in submission for many years and am just now exploring it. I have some ideas of what I'd like, such as spanking and oral service, but am open to trying new things with the right person (anal sex and strict bondage come to mind). I've dabbled in online forums and exchanged emails with some men who identify as Dominant and have the following question: How can I tell a real Dominant from a garden-variety jerkwad? I don't want to end up a crime statistic, but vanilla sex just doesn't cut it for me anymore. —Holding Out for the Real Thing, Boise, Idaho

Dear Holding:

Welcome to a very large club! You're wise to be cautious, as meeting people online bypasses the tradition of meeting face-to-face at kink-specific functions, where there are others present to offer endorsements or warnings. A smart submissive wants to be tied up by those who have her safety in mind, as well as her pleasure, and you can't rely on these things based solely on what's observable through electronic communication.

The rules for choosing a kinky partner are not that much different than those for choosing a vanilla partner. Is there chemistry between you? Do you share interests beyond the dungeon? Do you feel safe with him? Does he make you laugh? You should listen to your gut in this area. There are some red flags. If someone is disrespectful of your stated limits or desires; pushes back against any questions you may have by saying, "It's supposed to feel that way," or "Because I'm the Dom"; never finds your efforts to please him good enough; tries to limit your contact with your friends and family; hasn't had any previous partners or has only "scened" online; pushes for sex before you're ready; boasts that he can "fuck you into submission"; wants to be called Master on your first meeting; or says he will



SUB SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY



TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.



set your limits for you, pass.

When you do meet someone, take it as slowly as you need to. In order to truly submit we must trust our partners. When they've earned it, the experience of putting ourselves into their hands is sublime, and well worth the wait. Happy hunting!

Dear Nina.

Please help me understand something. I've been dating my Master for nearly two years and I consider myself his sex slave in every way. I love to dress to suit his taste (he has a thing for the classy/sexy office look) and have a great collection of expensive lingerie and stilettos to show for it. I enthusiastically submit to him and love being his dirty girl. I drink his piss whenever he lets me, and ATMs make my pussy drip. I wear his mark tattooed on my backside, and have had my nipples and clit hood pierced for him. In the bedroom. I'm entirely his property and we both like it that way. What's my problem? I keep reading that he can't "really" be my Master, or I his slave, because I don't give him control over my money, let him choose my friends, or have him tell me what to do when we're not actually playing. Master says he's very happy and we have a great time together. Can I be a real slave while still needing to keep control of my life when I'm not kissing his boots?

-Starting to Wonder, Eugene, Oregon

Dear Starting:

In a word, yes. No matter what the moresubmissive-than-thou types may say, you're a "real" slave to your Master because both you and he experience you that way. Your Master says he's happy, and he's the one who should know. What's more important to him, having you run errands and do his taxes, or pushing you through tears as you work your ass onto a large plug while he hurts your tits as you cry?

Some seem to forget that an M/s relationship is made of two equal people who agree to play certain parts in each other's lives. Clearly, your slavery is primarily sexual in nature and that's the way you both want it. The rights your Master has over you were negotiated beforehand, along with any hard limits either of you may have. Unless and until you both decide to renegotiate them in some other way, your dynamic functions just as you both intend. If for some reason it stops working for you, which seems very unlikely from your description, you have the freedom to release yourself at anytime, regardless of anyone else's judgments in the matter. You're no less of a slave than a person who insists loudly, "I could never leave because Master owns my ass and that's that!" And he's no less a Master just because some envious, neglected, unpaid domestic help puts him down as a "bedroom Dom." What other room is more important for the kind of slave you happen to be and he happens to want. There's no Great Book of Slave Rules that defines these things for everyone. Enjoy your play and don't worry about what others may think.































especially when stripped naked and worked with the rubber dildo until I come in spite of myself with embarrassing speed.

Obviously such an undisciplined slut requires more severe discipline. However, nothing could have prepared me for the spanking machine, the relentless hammering of its twin wooden paddles slamming my ass cheeks raw in accelerating rhythm until the tears flow as I bend over the desk. The final application of the cane to my roasted rump and then to my shamefully wet thighs produces one more loud climax. It's all so dreadful, I just have to make another appointment for more tutoring next week.

got the address in a whisper from a friend. The thought of the "special school" for naughty girls got my panties wet on the way over, but once dressed in my "modest" uniform and facing the stern instructor, I was glad he didn't give me time for second thoughts. I tried to memorize the passage in the book as fast as possible, but I wasn't fast enough, stumbling on the first line of my recitation. Retribution was swift and dreadful. Caning on the palms of my hands is excruciating. I don't know why it gets me wet, but the instructor knew it from one look at my panties. Yes, I am that kind of girl. The searing cane on my bare tits hurts even worse and gets me even hotter. The ruler on my backside, even with my panties down, is easier to take, but being gagged with my soaked undies is particularly humiliating,



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promise to be your d girl from now on!

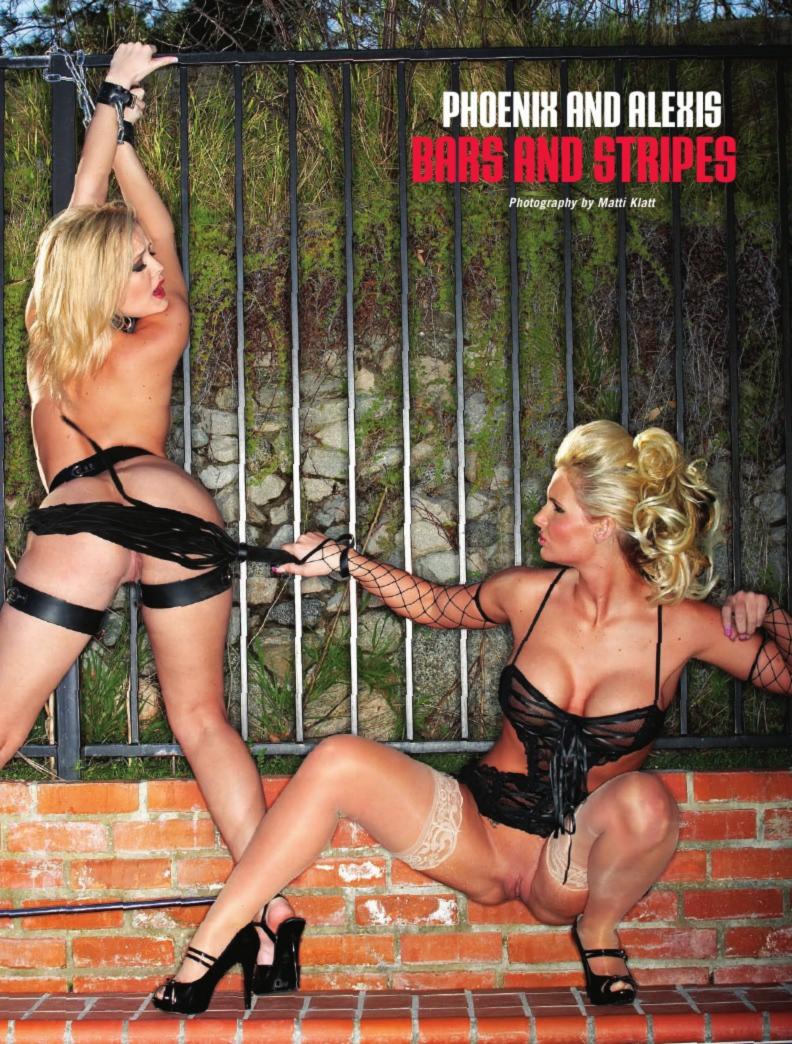




Bratty and flirtatious at lunch, Alexis needs to be put in her place—up against the cold, steel bars of my back fence. Stripped and chained, hands overhead, I make her stick out her tits, ass and cunt for the lash. She whines and squeals, so I whip her harder, stopping every so often to tease her clit or stuff her snatch with a toy until she's gasping, before giving her another few stripes. Tearful and contrite, she begs my pardon, but she'll have to earn it. I make her squat and piss in the grass, her legs open so I can watch her shameful streaming. No modesty allowed for my slaves.

But I do give rewards as well as punishments. If she sincerely wants to earn my favor, she can start with sucking my wet hole with all her skill. She is good at that, especially when encouraged by my yanking her blond hair. I see the glint in her eye as I buckle up my strap-on. I know she likes it hard and deep, and I give it to her front and back before flipping her down for a good piledriving. My relentless hammering brings on the screams and shakes every time. Alexis comes so hard, I feel it right through the harness, her grinding triggering my own orgasms while I thrust in until our hip bones collide. She's a naughty girl, my slave, and I wouldn't have her any other way.



















PRIME PEE PIX POURED BY THE PAGE Weination Nation Featuring AIDEN Photography by Lee Forbes

Slaves don't piss without permission. Caught squatting in her chamber, Aiden knows what's coming. The humiliation is as ingenious as it is fiendish. Force-fed enough water to make her bladder bulge behind the constricting corset, then chained on a mobile toilet, there's no way Aiden can hold it. Letting go is just too easy and—no matter how she struggles to hold back the flood—inevitable. Ordered to rub one out, the spasms produce the inexorable, swirling torrent filling the bowl. It's not enough just to shove her pouting face in her reeking secretions. Suspended head down just high enough to lift her mug out for a few gasping breaths when necessary, the yellow rivulets pour down Aiden's cheeks, reminding her to ask next time. To conclude her punishment, she'll be choke-fucked upside down, sopping visage coated with a final frosting.















DUNGEON DUET

Fiction by ERNEST GREENE

Photography by Ken Marcus

will have harmony in the harem. The girls know this from the day they arrive. I know better than to require perfect pitch. There will always be competition, petty jealousy and idle bitchiness when sex slaves are held in close quarters. Where punishments are plentiful and favors are few, some competition is inevitable. But every girl within these stone walls must cooperate smoothly, whatever her personal relationships, for the pleasure of her master. For the use of their owners, they must function interchangeably, finely tuned instruments of satisfaction without a discordant note ever reaching the ears of those who own them. It's a delicate balance. We do want the little darlings giving us their best in the hope of winning our approval, but obvious competition leads to petty acts of sabotage worthy of spoiled middle-school brats, and I'm keen to spot it. My job as Director of Discipline is to spot potential disobedience and act ruthlessly to discourage it. I take pride in my work, knowing that any master could take any of the slaves I supervise in whatever number with absolute confidence in their cooperating to satisfy him.

My eye is on Ariella and Mahina from the day they arrive. I can see they're attracted to each other, and to the same kinds of men. At first, it's cute, the way they try to outdo each other in their eagerness to serve. But mean, little digs begin to sneak into their conversation. All the girls have favorites, and it's bad form to deliberately play up to someone another slave begs to worship. Eventually, there are harsh words and then sullen silence, which is what I find in the dungeon where I've had them brought to me. Wisely, they greet me with pleasant expressions, but neither cares to deny her spiteful conduct toward the other in recent days.

What to do? They are sister slaves and they will learn to give each other proper affection before either is allowed the privilege of attending to me. They will please and be pleased, unless they prefer to share in each other's punishment instead. That suggestion gets a quick vote for reconciliation.

Ariella is first on the X-frame, standing spread-open in her leather working harness and strapped rigidly into place. Her pussy is offered to Mahina's oral affections, which strikes me immediately as a bit lackluster, which is especial-





ly telling given Ariella's delectable girly bits. I get down next to Mahina for some close-order instruction, seizing her by the hair and around the neck, maneuvering her sweating face deeper into Ariella's already dripping gash. These girls have long had all shyness and modesty trained out of them, so I assume the worst motives when either is less than enthusiastic.

Clearly, Mahina takes me seriously as she should, burrowing into Ariella's pink slit hungrily, lips and tongue finding all the places that girls know so well. Mahina's posture is admirable and her efforts more committed as Ariella begins to moan and twist in the straps. I've yet to meet the slave without pride in what she can do with her mouth, and Mahina is no exception, asking permission to work from underneath. Granted, of course. She slides between Ariella's long legs, sucking and lapping from the clit all the way back to Ariella's tender, exposed anus.

This is the humility I want to see. To encourage it, I turn Ariella on the frame and buckle her in again, feeling her sweating, trembling body's yearning for release. Not yet. First, I want to see Mahina's clever tongue swirling in Ariella's puckered hole.

There are whips nearby, and a quick reminder has Mahina spreading Ariella's cheeks and working her pink, pierced tongue into her former rival's tailpipe. Ariella thrusts her ass out to meet Mahina's delving, not out of spite, but out of the kind of pure lust she's been trained to set free when permitted. She writhes and gasps in her bonds, inspiring me to play with her clit, pinching and stroking the hard pulp, until the inevitable shaking begins. Cries echo from the dungeon's stone walls, pleas for permission to come. I don't grant it quickly, wanting both girls to work for their respective rewards.

Gripping Ariella's cunt firmly, I feel it pulsate under my palm as her orgasmic howling fills the room. Good thing I'd given her leave to go there, else she'd have been in even more trouble, which I suspect might have been what Mahina intended. In all fairness, I believe Ariella to have done most of the provoking and I've already decided to make her demonstration of amity a bit more demanding, though we start in the same way. Still panting and sweating, legs a bit shaky, she steps down from the frame and helps me strap Mahina there in her place. I do appreciate Mahina's lush, meaty, meticulously shaved cooze. I tease Ariella with it as the latter kneels dutifully, agreeing with my vulgar praise of Mahina's intimate anatomy, however she might feel about the girl attached to it. In fact, she looks at all that pink membrane quite hungrily. Given leave to touch, she tugs Mahina's slippery lips apart to explore the bound girl's fuckhole with fingers and tongue. Ariella is the more experienced of the two and I've noticed her tendency to show off her abilities in such circumstances. Using her teeth with just the right pressure, she opens Mahina wide, lapping and slurping as eagerly as if Mahina were her favorite slave sister. Perhaps after tonight, she will be, but I require more proof than Ariella doing what she does whenever a pretty slit is placed within munching distance.

I bring out the dick gag. It's a truly nasty thing, with an interior rubber cock that sticks down the wearer's throat almost as far as the exterior one plumbs the recipient's pussy. The harder Ariella fucks Mahina with it, the more she'll choke and gag herself. But I know Mahina is a girl who gets off on penetration and to get the desired response, Ariella will have to drill her hard and deep. I buckle it around Ariella's head good and tight, her nostrils







flaring at the rude intrusion of the internal prod. This is going to be good. A slave's pride will punish her more effectively than anything a master might inflict.

Sure enough, once excited, Mahina proves predictably ruthless, grinding her weight down against Ariella's face, driving the twin dicks deeper into both of them. I hold the back of Ariella's head to make sure she can't retreat, even if she were so inclined. It's a needless precaution. Despite her retching and drooling, Ariella reaches up to grip Mahina's ass cheeks, deliberately impaling them both rather than back away from the test put to her.

It's an inspiring spectacle. After a merciless face-fucking, Mahina suddenly stiffens, thrusts her pelvis all the way down onto Ariella's packed mouth, and comes with an ecstatic scream accompanied by waves of rippling convulsions. She's forgotten to ask permission, but under the circumstances I do no worse than make her suck her own secretions off the soiled dildo while I grip the front of her throat. I push them together until their mouths meet and they're both fighting for air. I'm quite certain it's an intimate moment they'll never forget.

Now it's time for them to demonstrate how smoothly they can work as a team, with their differences a thing of the past. If they want out of the dungeon, they'll have to satisfy me first, and they get right to it. Passing my cock back and forth like a fat reefer, they take turns, one sucking while the other eagerly licks my ball sac. I don't miss it when their eyes meet with a conspiratorial twinkle. Sisterhood has clearly been restored. I'm particularly impressed with the way Mahina swallows my whole shaft, showing off for her teammate. But the real dirty work is yet to come, when I stake Ariella on my lance, leaving Mahina's talented tongue to lend encouragement from below. Rimming me for all she's worth, her movements speed up as Ariella rides the rod to another shuddering climax. I never cease to be impressed by the way her cunt muscles milk a cock. No wonder she's always in demand here.

Thoroughly convinced of the sincerity of their reconciliation, I'm ready to grace their lovely faces with the proof of absolution for their sins. They kneel before, two pretty faces upturned, two sets of wide-open eyes pleading to please. When I let go the pent-up load of lava, they extend their tongues to touch tips, making sure to catch every spurt that doesn't end up frosting their flushed cheeks.

My work is done. I tell them to get cleaned up and prepared for their next shift. They'll be working doubles the rest of the week. I hear the distinct sound of high fives as they make their way from the chamber. It's such a pleasure to make two estranged friends come together, especially when I get to come with them.























Alex knows how to put me in my place. He reminds me I'm his bitch, as he drags me to his cock by my hair. Hands bound behind me, I worship it, packing my cheeks with hard gristle, licking his scrotum with an eager tongue. No matter how I work to please, he never goes easy on me, tying my hands to the chair legs, clamping my nipples and clit so hard they throb, and skull-fucking me until I choke. What hole will he use next? Bound wrist to ankle with my butt in the air. I have no doubts. When he's in this mood, I know I'll



serve him with my anus. Even though he greases my little hole thoroughly, his cock feels huge going in, filling ass-guts with man-meat. He never hurries, pumping me slowly and relentlessly, pulling out every so often to pry my gape and make me suck my own slime. I always come hardest when Alex reams my rectum. Every cruel thing he does to me makes me want more. I can't wait to gulp his gobs of acrid goop, to feel it flooding over my face, even up my nose.

Even then, he's not done with me. Shoved into the bathroom, I get my plumbing flushed with a huge, cold-milk enema that I have to hold until he's finished emptying his bladder up and down my naked body. Defiled in every way, I'm his humble property, ready for rough use whenever he wants me.









